Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
Ile ſee your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*
King, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her ſon
Makes her in furie thus to forget her ſelfe.
Reuenged may ſhe be on that accurſed Duke.
Come Coſen of Exeter, ſtay thou heere,
For Clifford and thoſe Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. How now ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?
Rich. No Father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.
Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall reigne in quiet till his death.
Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleaſe your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your Grace the way to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe King *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.
Rich. Then thus my Lord.
An Oath is of no moment,
Being not ſworne before a lawfull Magiſtrate.
Henry is none, but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your Grace ſtands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.
Yorke. I, ſaiſt thou ſo boy? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou Coſen *Montague* ſhalt to Norfolke ſtraight,

And

And bid the Duke to muſte
And come to me to *Wakefie*
And *Richard*, thou to Lond
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earl
To leaue the Citty, and with
To meete me at S. *Albones* t
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* Ca
Both men and mony to furth
Now, what newes?
Meſ. My Lord, the Que
Accompanied with the Earl
Northumberland, and *Weſtm*
With others of the houſe of
Are marching towards *Wak*
To beſiedge you in your Ca
Enter Sir Iohn, a
Yorke. A Gods name let t
Couſin *Montague*, poſte you
And boyes ſtay you with me
Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Morti*
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in
The army of the Queene me
Sir Iohn. She ſhall not nee
Wee'l meete her in the field.
Yorke. What, with fiue tho
Rich. I father, with fiue hu
A woman's Generall, what ſ
York. Indeed, many braue
In *Normandy*, when as the en
Hath bin ten to one, and why
Of the like ſucceſſe? I am re
Edw. Let's march away, I

Alarmes, and then
Rutland
Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, le
And flye to *Wakefield* ſtraigh